MISS BRETHERTON

By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSWERE." "'But now,' I said to her warmly, 'you have got free; or, rather, you are on the way to freedom.'

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"She thought a little without speaking, her chin resting on her hand, her elbow on her knee. We were passing the great red brown mass of the Armenian convent. She seemed to be drinking in the dassling harmonies of blue and warm brown and pearly light. When she did speak again it was very slowly, as though she were trying to give words to a number of complex impressions.

"'Yes,' she said; 'it seems to me that I am different; but I can't tell exactly how or why. I see all sorts of new possibilities, new meanings everywhere; that is one half of til But the other, and the greater, half is—how to make all these new feelings and any new knowledge which may come to me tell on my art.' And then she changed altogether with

art.' And then she changed altogether with one of those delightful swift transformations of hers, and her face rippled with laughter. 'At present the chief result of the difference, whatever it may be, seems to be to make me most unumanageable at home. I am forever enjoy having my own way in the most abon-inable manner.' And then she caught my hand, that was holding hers, between both her own, and said half laughing and half in

'Did you ever realize that I don't know any single language besides my own-not even French! That I can't read any French

even French! That I can't read any French book or any French play?

"Well,' I said, half laughing, too, 'it is very astonishing. And you know it can't go on if you are to do what I think you will do. French you positively must learn, and learn quickly. I don't mean to say that we haven't good plays and a tradition of our own; but for the moment France is the center of your art, and you cannot remain at a distance from it! The French have organized their knowledge; it is available for all who come. Ours is still floating and amateurish'—
"And so on. You may imagine it, my

dear Eustace; I spare you any more of it ver-batim. After I had talked away for a long time, and brought it all back to the absolute necessity that she should know French and come acquainted with French acting and French dramatic ideals, she pulled me up in the full career of eloquence by demanding with a little practical air, a twinkle lurking somewhere in her eyes—
"Explain to me, please, how it is to be

''Oh,' I said, 'nothing is easier. Do you know anything at all?"
"'Very little. I once had a term's lessons

'Very well, then,' I went on, enjoying this little comedy of a neglected education, 'get a French maid, a French master and a novel; l

'As for the French maid,' she answered dubiously, shaking her head, 'I don't know.
I expect my old black woman that I brought
with me from Jamaica would ill treat her—
perhaps murder her. But the master can be managed and the novel. Will none of you laugh at me if you see me trailing a French

grammar about?"
"And so she has actually begun today. She makes a pretense of keeping her nove and a little dictionary and grammar in a bag and hides them when any one appears. But Paul has already begun to tease her about her new and mysterious occupation, and I foresee that he will presently spend the greater part of his mornings in teaching her. I never saw any body attract him so much; she is absolutely different from anything he has seen before and, as he says, the mixture of ignorance an genius in her—yes, genius; don't be startled!
—is most stimulating to the imagination."

"During the last few days I have not seeing so much of Miss Bretherton as before. She has been devoting herself to her family and Paul and I have been doing our pictures We cannot persuade her to take any very large dose of galleries; it seems to me that her thoughts are set on one subject—and one thoughts are set on one subject-and one

subject only-and while she is in this first stage of intensity it is not likely that any-thing else will have a chance.

"It is amusing to study the dissatisfaction of the uncle and aunt with the turn things have taken since they left London. Mr. Worrall has been evidently accustomed to direct his niece's life from top to bottom-to choose her plays for her, helped by Mr. Rob dvise her as to her fellow-actor and her behavior in society, and all, of and as little regard as need be to any fantas Mcal conception of art.
"Now, however, Isabel has asserted herself

in several unexpected ways. She has refused altogether to open her autumn season with had been nearly decided on before they left London-a flimsy spectacular performance, quite unworthy of her. As on as possible she will make important changes in the troupe who are to be with her, and at the beginning of September she is coming to stay three weeks with us in Paris, and, in all probability (though the world is to know nothing of it), Perrault of the Conservatoire, who is a great friend of ours, will give her a good deal of positive teaching. This last arrangement is particularly exasperating to Mr. Worrall. He regards it as sure to be known, a ridiculous confession of weakness on Isabel's part, and so on. However, in spite of his wrath and the aunt's sulle tearful disapproval, she has stood firm, and matters are so arranged." "Saturday night, August 25.

"This evening we persuaded her at last to give us some scenes of Juliet. How I wish you could have been here! It was one of those experiences which remain with one as a sort of perpetual witness to the poetry which life holds in it, and may yield up to one at any moment. It was in our little garden; the moon was high above the houses oppo site, and the narrow canal running past our side railing into the Grand canal was a shining streak of silver. The air was balmy and absolutely still; no more perfect setting to Shakespeare or to Juliet could have been imagined. Paul sat at a little table in front of the rest of us; he was to read Romeo and the Nurse in the scenes she had chosen, while in the background were the Worralls and Lucy Bretherton (the little crippled sister) Mr. Wallace and myself. She did the balcony scene, the morning scene with Ron the scene with the Nurse after Tybalt's death and the scene of the philter. There is an old sundial in the garden, which caught the moonbeams. She leaned her arms upon it, her eyes fixed upon the throbbing, moonlit sky, her white brocaded dress glistening here and there in the pale light—a vision of per-fect beauty. And when she began her sigh-

O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo!it seemed to me as if the night—the passion-ate Italian night—had found its voice—the only voice which fitted it.
"Afterwards I tried as much as possible to

shake off the impressions peculiar to the scene itself, to think of her under the ordinary conditions of the stage, to judge her purely as an actress. In the love scenes there med hardly anything to find fault with. I thought I could trace in many places the influence of her constant dramatic talks and ex-ercises with Paul. The flow of passion was continuous and electric, but marked by all the simpleness, all the sweetness, all the winsome extravagance which belong to Juliet. The great scene with the Nurse had many fine things in it; she had evidently worked hard at it line by line, and that speech of Juliet's with its extraordinary dramatic capabilities-

· Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? was given with admirable variety and suppleness of intonation. The dreary sweetness

Banished! that one word banished! still lives with me, and her gestures as she paced restlessly along the little strip of moon-lit path. The speech before she takes the potion was the least satisfactory of all; the chastliness and horror of it are beyond her resources as yet; she could not infuse them with that terrible beauty which Desforets would have given to every line. But where s the English actress that has ever yet suc-

"We were all silent for a minute after ber

great cry-Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee! " I can't do it. that speech: I can't do it!"

"To wants more work, said Paul; 'you'll get it. But the rest was admirable. You must have worked very hard!"
"'So I have,' she mid, brightening at the warmth of his praise. 'But Diderot is wrong, wrong, wrong! When I could once reach the feeling of the Tybalt speech, when I could once hate him for killing Tybalt in the same breath in which I loved him for being Romeo, all was easy; gesture and movement came to me; I learned them, and the thing was done.'

was done."

"The reference, of course, meant that Paul had been reading to her his favorite 'Paradors sur le Comedien,' and that she had been stimulated, but not converted, by the famous contention that the actor should be the mere 'cold and tranquil spectator,' the imitator of other men's feelings, while possessing uone of his own. He naturally would have argued, but I would not have it, and made her rest. The was could worm out by the effort and I the was quite worn out by the effort, and I do not like this excessive fatigue of bers. I often wonder whether the life she is leading is not too exciting for her. This is supposed to be her holiday, and she is really going through more brain waste than she has ever done in her life before! Paul is throwing his whole energies into one thing only, the training of Miss Bretherton, and he is a man of forty-eight, with an immense experience, and she a girl of twenty-one, with everything to learn, and as easily excited as he is capa-ble of exciting her. I really must keep him

in check.

"Mr. Wallace, when we had sent her home across the canal—their apartment is on the other side, further up towards the railway station—could not say enough to me of his amazement at the change in her.

"What have you done to her? he asked."I can hardly recognize the old Miss Bretherton at all. Is it really not yet four months since your brother and I went to see her in the "White Lady?" Why, you have bewitched her!

witched her!

"'We have done something, I admit, I said;
but the power you see developed in her now
was roused in her when months ago she first
came in contract with the new world and the
new ideal which you and Eustace represented
to her!

"'There, my dear Eustace, have I given you your due? Oh, Miss Bretherton says so many kind things about you! I'll take espe-cial pains to tell you some of them next time I write.' WALLACE TO KENDAL

VENICE, Aug. 27.
"My DEAR KENDAL.—This has been a day of events which, I believe, will interest you as much as they did me. I told Mme. de Chateauvieux that I should write to you to-Chatcauvieux that I should write to you to-night, and my letter, she says, must do in place of one from her for a day or two. We have been to Torcello today—your sister, M. do Chatcauvieux, Miss Bretherton, and I. The expedition itself was delightful, but that I have no time to describe. I only want to tell you what happened when we got to Tor-

"But first you will, of course, know from

your sister's letter—she tells me she writes to
you twice a week—how absorbed we have all
been in the artistic progress of Miss Bretherton. I myself never saw such a change, such
an extraordinary development in any one.
How was it that you and I did not see further into her? I see now, as I look back upon
her old self, that the new self was there in
germ. But I think perhaps it may have been
the vast disproportion of her celebrity to her
performance that blinded us to the promise
in her; it was irritation with the public that
made us deliver an over hasty verdict on her.

made us deliver an over hasty verdict on her.
"However that may be, I have been making up my mind for some days past that the embassy on behalf of Elvira which I thrust upon you, and which you so generously undertook, was a blunder on my part which it would be delightful to repair, and which no artistic considerations whatever need prevent me from repairing. You cannot think how divine she was in Juliet the other night. Imperfect and harsh, of course, here and there, but still a creature to build many and great hopes upon, if ever there was one. She is shaking off trick after trick; your brotheris shaking off trick after trick; your brotherin-law is merciless to them whenever they
appear, and she is forever working with a
view to his approval, and also, I think, from
two or three things she has said, with a
memory of that distant standard of criticism
which she believes to be embodied in you!

"M. de Chateauvieux has devoted himself
the terror them to

to her; it is a pretty sight to see them to gether. Your sister and she, too, are in-separable, and Mme. de Chateauvieux's quiet, equable refinement makes a good contrast to Miss Bretherton's mobility. She will never lose the imprint of her friendship with these eople: it was a happy though

led you to bring them together.
"Well, we went to Torcello, and I watched for an opportunity of getting her alone. At last Mme. de Chateauvieux gave me one; she carried off her husband, Ruskin in hand, to study the mosaics, and Miss Bretherton and I were left sitting under the outer wall of San Fosca till they should come back. We had been talking of a hundred things-not of acting at all; of the pomegranates, of which she had a scarlet mass in her lap; of the gray slum-berous warmth of the day, or the ragged children who pestered us for coppers—and then, suddenly, I asked her whether she would answer me a personal question: Was there any grudge in her mind toward me for anything I had said and done in London or caused others to say and do for me!

"She was much startled, and colored a good deal, but she said very steadily: 'I fee no sort of grudge; I never had any cause. 'Well, then,' I went on, throwing down on the grass before her that I might really see her expression, 'if you bear me no grudge, if you feel kindly towards me, will you help me to undo a great mistake of

"She looked at me with parted lips and eyes which seemed to be trying to find out from my face what I meant. 'Will you.' I said, hurrying on, 'will you take from me
"Elvira," and do what you like with it! And then, do you know what happened! Her lips quivered and I thought she was on the point of tears, but suddenly the nervousness of each of us seemed to strike the other, and we both laughed—she long and helplessly, as

if she could not help herself.
"Presently she looked up, with her great ning in tears, and tried to in on me that I was speaking hastily; that I had an ideal for that play she could never prom-ise to reach; that it was my friendship for her that made me change my mind; that there might be practical difficulties now that so many arrangements had been made, and so on. But I would not listen to her. I had it all ready; I had an actor to propose to her for Macias, and even the costumes in my mind, ready to sketch for her, if need were. Forbes, I suggested, might and would direct the setting of the piece; no one could do it with more perfect knowledge or a more exquisite taste; and for her, as we both knew, would turn scene painter, if necessary. And so I rambled on, soothing her shaken feelings and my own until she had let me beher out of her attitude of reluctance and shrinking into one at least of common

"But by the time the others came back I had not got a direct consent out of her and all the way home she was very silent. I, of course, got anxious, and began to think that my blunder had been irreparable; but, at any rate, I was determined not to let the thing linger on. So that when the Chateauvieux asked me to stay and sup with them and her, I supped, and afterwards in the garden boldly brought it out before them all and appealed to your sister for help. I knew that both she and her husband were acquainted with what had happened at Oxford, and I supposed that Miss Bretherton would know that they were, so that it was awkward enough. Only that women, when they please, have such tact, such an art of smoothing over and ignoring the rough places of life, that one often with them gets through a difficult thing without realizing how difficult it is. M. de Chateauvieux smoked a long time and said nothing then he asked me a great many questions about the play, and finally gave no opinion. I was almost in despair—she said so little until, just as I was going away with 'Elvira's' fate still quite unsettled, she said to me with a smile and a warm pressure of the hand: To-morrow come and see me and I will tell

"And today I have been to see her, and the night has brought good luck! For 'Elvira,' my deer Kendal, will be produced on or about the 20th of November, in this of grace, and Isabel Bretherton will play the heroine, and your friend is already plunged in business, and aglow with hope and expectation. How I wish—how we all wish that you were here! I feel more and more penitent towards you. It was you who gave the impulse of which the results are

ripening, and you ought to be here with us now playing in the body that friend's part when we all yield you so readily in spirit. Tell Mr. Kendal, were almost her last words to me, 'that I cannot say how much I owe to his influence and his friendship. He first opened my eyes to so many things. He was so kind to me even when he thought least of me. I hope I shall win a word of praise from him yet!" There! I trust that will rouse a little pleasant conceit in you. She meant it, and it is true. I must go off and work at many things. To morrow or next day, after some further talk with her, I shall set off homeward, look up Forbes and begin operations. She will be in town about three weeks from now—as you know she is going to stay tions. She will be in town about three weeks from now—as you know she is going to stay first with your sister in Paris—and then we shall have bard work till about the middle of November, when I suppose the play will be produced. This will be more than a fortnight later than she intended to open, and Mr. Worrall will probably be furious over the delay, but she has developed a will of her own lately.

"Au revoir, then. You must have had a peaceful summer with your book and your

peaceful summer with your book and your heather. I wish I had anything like the same digestion for work that you have; I

tame digestion for work that you have; I never saw a man get as much pleasure out of his books as you do. To me, I confess, that work is always work, and idleness a joy!

"However, no] more idleness for me for a good while to come. How grand/she will be in that last act! Where were my eyes last spring! I wish there were a chance of her seeing much that is interesting in Paris. However, flat as September generally is, she will get some Moliere at the 'Francais,' and

your sister will take care that she sees the

right people. Perrault, I bear, is to give her lessons—under the rose. Happy man!" Kendal read this letter on a glowing Au gust morning as he walked homeward along the side of the pond, where the shade of the fir trees was a welcome protection against the rising heat and the air was fragrant with the scent of the ling, which was just out in all its first faint flush of boauty. He threw himself down among it after he had fluished the sheets and stared for long at the sunlit, motionless water, his hat drawn forward over his brows. So this was the outcome of it all. Isabel Bretherton was about to be-come a great actress—Undine had found her

soul!
It seemed to him, as he lay there buried in the ling, that during the past three weeks be had lived through a whole drama of feeling —a drama which had its beginning, its com-plications, its climax. While it had been going on he had been only half conscious of its bearings, half conscious of himself. Wal-lace's letter had made him sensible of the sit-uation, as it concerned himself, with a deciustion, as it concerned himself, with a decisive sharpness and completeness. There was no possibility of any further self delusion; the last defenses were overcome, the last veil between himself and the pursuing force which had overtaken him had fallen, and Kendal, with a shiver of pain, found himself looking straight into the wide, hungry eyes of Love! Oh, was this love—sore desire, this dumb craving, this restlessness of the whole being?

the whole being?
The bees hummed among the heather The bees hummed among the heather, every now and then a little brown streaked lizard rustled faintly beside him, a pair of kingfishers flashed across the pond. But he saw and heard nothing, responsive as every sense in him commonly was to the details of the wild life about him. His own miserable reverie absorbed him. What was it that had made the charm of those early weeks in Lelt translities of ter his partitury with here. July immediately after his parting with her? What was it which had added zest to his work, and enchantment to the summer beauty of the country, and, like a hidden harmony dimly resonant within him, had kept life tuneful and delightful! He could put words tuneful and delightful! He could put words to it now. It had been nothing less than a sattled foresight, a deep conviction of Isabel Bretherton's failure! What a treachery! But, yes—the vision perpetually before his eyes had been the vision of a dying fame, a waning celebrity, a forsaken and discrowned beauty! And from that abandonment and that failure he had dimly foreseen the rise and upspringing of new and indescrib-able joy. He had seen her, conscious of de-feat and of the inexorable limits of her own personality, turning to the man who had read her truly and yet had loved her, surely, from the very beginning, and finding in his love a fresh glory and an all sufficient conso-lation. This had been the inmost truth, the center, the kernel of all his thought, of all his life. He saw it now with sharp distinctness -now that every perception was intensified

by pain and longing.

Then, as he went over the past, he saw invaded and broken up by his sister's letters with which he had read the earlier ones. So Marie thought him mistaken! "Isabel Bretherton would be an actress yet"—"she had genius after ali"—"she was learning, grow-ing, developing every day." Absurd! He had been able to keep his critical estimate of the actress and his personal admiration of the woman separate from one another. But evidently Mario's head had been confused, misled by her heart. And then little by little his incredulity had yielded and his point of view had changed. Instead of impatience of Marie's laxity of judgment, what he had been flercely conscious of for days was jeal-ousy of Paul de Chateauvieux—jealousy of his opportunities, his influence, his relation owards that keen, sweet nature. That, too, had been one of his dreams of the futurethe dream of tutoring and training her young unformed intelligence. He had done son thing towards it; he had, as it were, touche the spring which had set free all this new and unexpected store of power. But, if he had planted, others had watered and others would reap. In this great crisis of her fortunes he had been nothing to her. Other voices and other hands had guided and directed her. Her kindly, grateful messages only stung and tortured him. They seemed to him the merest friendly commonplace. In reality her life had passed out of his ken; her nature had flowered into a new perfection, and h had not been there to see or to help. She would never connect him with the incident or the influences which had transformed existence to her, and would probably irrevocably change the whole outline of her future. Once he had wounded and startled her and had despaired for awhile of undoing the im pression made upon her. But now he felt no quick anxiety, no fear how things might turn, only a settled flat consciousness of di vision, of a life that bad once been near to his swept away from him forever, of diverging

roads which no kindly fate would ever join For, by the end of this time of solitary waiting, his change of attitude was complete It was evident to him that his anticipation of her failure, potent as it had been over hi life, had never been half so real, half so vivid, as this new and strange foreboding of her true success. Marie must be right. had been a mere blind, hair splitting pedant, judging Isabel Bretherton by principles and standards which left out of count the inborn energy, the natural power of growth, of suc enality as hers. And the more he had nce doubted, the more he now believed. Yes, she would be great—she would make her way into that city of the mind in which he himself had made his dwelling place; she too, would enter upon the world's vast inheritance of knowledge. She would become, i only her physical frame proved equal to the demands upon it, one of that little band of interpreters, of ministers of the idea, by whom the intellectual life of a society is fed and quickened. Was he so lost in his own

selfish, covetous need as not to rejoice! Oh, but she was a woman-she was benutiful and he loved her! Do what he would, all ideal and impersonal considerations fell ut-terly away from him. Day by day he knew more of his own heart; day by day the phi-losopher grew weaker in him and the man's claim flercer. Before him perpetually wer two figures of a most human and practical reality. He saw a great actress absorbed in the excitement of the most stimulating of lives, her power ripening from year to year, her fame growing and widening with time; and beside this brilliant vision he saw himself, the quiet man of letters, with the enthusiasms of youth behind him, the calm of mid lle age before him. What possible link could

there be between them? At last Wallace's letter cleared still further the issues of the conflict, or rather it led to Kendal's making a fatalist compact with himself. He was weary of the struggle, and it seemed to him that he must somehow or other escape from the grip in which his life was held. He must somehow deaden this sense, this bitter sense of loss, if it were only by postponing the last recunciation. He o back to his work and force himself not to hate it. It was his only refuge, and be must cling to it for dear life. And he

would not see her again till the night of the first performance of "Elvira." She would be in London in a month's time, but he would take care to be out of reach. He would not meet those glorious eyes or touch that hand again till the die was cast—upon the fate of "Elvira" he stuked his own. The decision brought him a strange kind of peace, and he went back to his papers and books like a man who has escaped from the grasp of some deadly physical fil into a period of comparative case and relief.

It was a rainy November night. A soft, continuous downpour was soaking the London streets, without, however, affecting their animation or the nectural brightness of the capital, for the brilliance of the gas lamps was flashed back from innumerable patches of water, and every ray of light seemed to be broken by the rain into a hundred shimmering reflections. It was the hour when all the society of which an autumnal London can

society of which an autumnal London can boast is in the streets, burrying to its dinner or its amusements, and when the stream of diners out, flowing through the different channels of the west, is met in all the great thoroughfares by the stream of theatre goers setting eastward

setting eastward

The westward end of D—street was especially crowded, and so was the entrance to a certain narrow street leading northward from it, in which stood the new bare buildings of it, in which stood the new bare buildings of the Calliope. Outside the theatre itself there was a dense mass of carriages and human beings, only kept in order by the active vigilance of the police, and wavering to and fro with kaleidoscopic rapidity. The line of carriages seemed interminable, and after these who emerged from them had run the gauntlet of the dripping, curious, good tempered multitude outside, they had to face the storner ordeal of the struggling well dressed crowd within, surging up the double stair case of the newly decorated theatre. The air inside was full of the hum of talk, and the whole crowd had a homogeneous, almost a family air, as though the contents of one great London salon had been poured into the theatre. Everybody seemed to know everybody else; there were politicians and artists, and writers of books; known and unknown; there were fair women and wise women and there were fair women and wise women and great ladies; and there was that large sub-stratum of faithful, but comparatively name-less, persons on whom a successful manager learns to depend with some confidence on any

first night of importance.

And this was a first night of exceptionable interest. So keen, indeed, had been the competition for tickets, that many of those present had as vague and confused an idea of present had as vague and confused an idea of how they came to be among the favored mul-titude pouring into the Calliope as a man in a street panic has of the devices by which he has struggled past the barrier which has overthrown his neighbor. Miss Bretherton's first appearance in "Elvira" had been the subject of conversation for weeks past among a far larger number of London circles than generally concern themselves with theatrical affairs. Among those which might be said to be within a certain literary and artisti circumference, people were able to give defi-nite grounds for the public interest. The play, it was said, was an unusually good one, and the progress of the rehearsals had let loose a flood of rumors to the effect that Miss Bretherton's acting in it would be a great surprise to the public. Further, from the in-tellectual center of things, it was only known that the famous beauty had returned to the scene of her triumphs; and that now, as in the season, one of the first articles of the social decalogue laid it down as necessary that you should, first of all, see her in the theatre, and secondly, know her—by fair

means, if possible, if not, by crooked onesin society.

It was nearly a quarter to 8. The orchestra had taken their places and almost every seat was full. In one of the dress circle boxes sat three people who had arrived early, and had for some time employed themselves in making a study of the incoming stream through their opera glasses. They were Eustace Kendal, his sister, Mme. de Chateauvieux, and her husband. The Chateauvieux had traveled over Paris expressly for the occasion, and Mme. de Chateauvieux, her gray blue eyes sparkling with expectation gray blue eyes sparkling with expectation and all her small, delicate features alive with interest and animation, was watching for the rising of the heavy velvet curtain with an eagerness which brought down upon her the occasional mockery of her husband, who was in reality, however, little less excited than herself. It was but three weeks since they had parted with Isabel Bretherton in Paris, and they were feeling on this first bility which parents feel when they launch a child upon whom they have expended their best efforts into a critical world.

As for Eustace, be also had but that afternoon arrived in London. He had been paying a long duty visit to some aged relatives in the north, and had so lengthened it out, in accordance with the whim which had taken possession of him in Surrey, that he had missed all the preparations for "Elvira," and had arrived upon the scene only at the moment when the final coup was to be delivered. Miss Bretherton had herself sent him a warm note of invitation, containing an order for the first night and an appeal to him to come and "judge me as kindly as truth will let you." And he had answered her that, what-ever happened, he would be in his place in the Calliope on the night of the 20th of No-

And now here he was, wearing outwardly precisely the same aspect of interested ex-pectation as those around him, and all the time conscious inwardly that to him alone, of all the human beings in that vast theatre, the experience of the evening would be so vitally and desperately important that life on the other side of it would bear the mark of it forever. It was a burden to him that his sister suspected nothing of his state of feeling; it would have consoled him that she should know it, but it seemed to him impos sible to tell her.

"There are the Stuarts," he said, bending down to her, as the orchestra struck up, "in the box to the left. Forbes, I suppose, will join them when it begins. I am told he has been working like a horse for this play. Every detail in it, they say, is perfect, artistically and historically, and the time of preparation has been exceptionally short. Why did she refuse to begin again with the

'White Lady,' to give herself more time?'
"I cannot tell you, except that she had a
repugnance to it which could not be got over.
I believe her associations with the play were
so painful that it would have seemed an evil omen to her to begin a new season with it." "I think she did well to follow her fancy is

the matter, and she herself has had plenty of time. She was working at it all the weeks she was with us, and young Harting. too, I think, had notice enough. Some of the smaller parts may go roughly to-night, but they will soon fall into shape."
"Poor Wallace!" said Kendal, "he must be wishing it well over. I never saw a house

better stocked with critics." "Here he is," cried Mms. de Chateauvieux, betraying her suppressed excitement in her nervous little start. "Oh, Mr. Wallace, how do you do! and how are things going?'

Poor Wallace threw himself into his seat

looking the picture of misery so far as his face, which Nature had moided in one of her cheerfulest moods, was capable of it. "My dear Mme. de Chateauvieux, I have no more notion than the man in the moon Miss Bretherton is an angel, and without Forbes we should have collapsed a hundred times already, and that's about all I know As for the other actors, I suppose they will get through their parts somellow, but at pres mt I feel like a man at the foot of the gallows

There goes the bell; now for it."

The sketch for the play of "Elvira" had been found among the papers of a young penniless Italian who had died, almost of starvation, in his Roman garret, during those teeming years after 1830, when poets grow on every bedge and the remantic pas ion was abroad. The sketch had appeared in a little privately printed volume which Edward Waliace had picked up by chance on the Paris quays. He had read it in an idle hour in a railway, had seen its capabilities, and had forthwith set to work to develop the sketch into a play. But in developing it he had carefully preserved the character of the original conception. It was a conception strictly of the Romantic time, and the execution of it presented very little of that variety of tone which modern audiences have learned to expect. The play told one rapid breathle , story of love, tealousy, despair and death, and told it directly and uninter ruptedly, without any lighter interludes Author and adapter alike had trusted en tirely to the tragic force of the situation and

The diction of the piece was the diction of Alfred de Vigny or of the school of Victor Hugo. It was, indeed, rather a dramatic love poem than a play in the modern sense, and it depended altogether for its success upon the two characters of Macias and El-

and is depended altogether for its success upon the two characters of Macias and Elvira.

In devising the character of Macias the Italian author had made use of a traditional Spanish type, which has its historical sources, and has inspired many a Spanish poet from the Pifteenth century downward. Macias is knight, poet and lover; his love is a kind of southern madness which withers every other feeling in its neighborhood, and his tragic death is the only natural ending to a career so fierce and uncontrolled. Elvira, with whom Macias is in love, the daughter of Nuno Fernander, is embodied gentleness and virtue, until the fierce progress of her fate has taught ber that men are treacherous and the world cruel. For her love had been prosperous and smooth until by a series of events it had been brought into antagouism with two opposing interests—those of her father and of a certain Fernan Perez, the tool and favorite of the powerful Duke of Villena. The ambition and selfab pussion of these two men are enlisted against her. Perez is determined to marry her; her father is determined to sweep Macias out of the path of his own political advancement. The intrigue devised between the two is perfectly successful. Macias is enticed away; Elvira, forced to believe that she is deserted and betrayed, is half driven, half entrapped into a marriage with Perez, and Macias, returning to claim her against a hundred obstacles, meets the wedding party on their way back to the palace of the duke.

The rest of the play represented, of course, the struggle between the contending forces thus developed. In plan and mechanism the story was one of a common romantic type, neither better nor worse than hundreds of others of which the literary achives of the first half of the present century are full. It required all the aid that fine literary treatment could give it to raise it above the level of vulgar melodrama and turn it into tragedy. But fortune had been kind to it; the subject had been already handled in the Italian sketch with delicacy

A Diamond Among the Marbles. Mrs. L. C. Abraham, then living on Euclid avenue, lost a diamond which was one of a pair of ear rings, the pair being valued at \$1,000. The diamond when lost was incased in a gold ball. More than ten months passed, and, as there was no response to the advertisements, it was given up as lost. But strange things happen in this prosaic world, and Mrs. Abraham is again in possession of her diamond. It was re-turned to her last Friday, and it came about in this way. About the time the stone was lost a workman named John Scott happened to look into the gutter and there saw the small golden ball. He picked it up and the next day showed it to some of his fellow employes. He even offered it as a gift to the workman at the next bench to him, but he said: What do I want with the thing? It's

no good; only a brass plaything."
So Scott took it home and gave it to his children. The little ones had a bag of marbles, and they added the golden ball to the collection, rolling it about the Boor. This sort of thing was kept up for ten months. One day last week a woman living in the neighborhood called on the Scott family and the youngsters were rolling the golden ball about the floor. The woman picked it up, examined it closely and said: "Why, there's a crease right around the center of it." The two women went to work on it until the gold ball was opened, and right in the center of it was a dazzling and precious gem. A consultation was held among the neighbors and Scott took the diamond down to Chafer & Becker's and showed it to Mr. Becker, who advised him to advertise it. Finally the advertisement was read by Mrs. Abraham. Her husband went down to see it, and could the sparkling gem lost by his wife nearly year ago. He gave the finder a reward of \$50 and restored the missing carring to his wife.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coal as a Factor in Civilization. Professor J. S. Newberry, of Columbia college, New York, in a recent lecture on 'Coal, the Dominant Factor in Modern History," said: "Few persons have realized the magnitude and dignity of the work coal is doing in the world, and fewer still have thought that it is really the sunshine of by gone ages, and that it has once composed the tissues of various strange plants, some of which are among the most graceful and beautiful of vegetable forms. Buried in the earth or covered with water, vegetable fiber decays or oxidizes slowly, forming, in successive stages of decomposition, peat, lignite, coal, anthracite, graphite, the hydro-carbon gases and petroleum. By regulating and controlling the further oxidation of these we are able to utilize the resulting force as light or heat or motive power.

"To help you to realize the potency of this wonderful substance, coal, let me recall to your memories the measure ments of the power evolved in its combustion. It is estimated that with the average engines now in use, about 1,500, 000 foot pounds are practically evolved from the combustion of a pound of coal and are available in the performance of any work done. Now, this is about the power exerted in a day's labor of an average man. Hence a ton of coal is capable of yielding an amount of force equivalent to that of six and two-thirds men, or of six men and a well grown boy, throughout the year. Or, the annua production of coal in this country and Great Britain is equivalent to a thousand million men working for a year.'

Doles of fish are very numerous, and with particulars of a few examples we close our paper. John Thake, in his will, drawn up in 1537, left his house and land on condition that his heirs, annually on Friday, in the first week in Lent, gave to the poor of Clavering, in Essex, one barrel of white herrings and a cade of red herrings. At Dronfield, Derbyshire, in 1577, Richard Stevenson left half a hundred of herrings, and as much bread as could be made from a "strike" of good wheat. The doles were to be distributed every Friday during Lent forever. At Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire, in 1664, David Slater gave money to purchase bread and herrings and a pair of kid gloves annually for the parson of the parish for the time being. The gloves were to be purchased ready for the first Sunday in Lent. At Newmarket in Suffolk there was a bequest of fish and fagots.—Chambers' Journal.

Hypnotized by the Phonograph. Dr. Pinel, of Paris, is said to have sue ceeded in hypnotizing several subjects by means of the phonograph. All the commands given through this channel were, he declares, as readily obeyed as those which he uttered directly, and "suggestions" of every possible sort were as effectually communicated through the medium of the machine as if made viva voce. The conclusion which he deduces from his experiments is that the received theory of a magnetic current passing from the operator to the subject is entirely baseless, and that the real cause of the phenomena of hypnotism is neryous derangement on the part of those ubject to them .- New York Telegram.

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

THE APPLICATION OF CALISTHENICS COMMENTED UPON.

Physicians and Members of the Board of Education of Philadelphia Express a Diversity of Opinion—All Agree, However, That Some Exercise Is Necessary.

A number of prominent men, who are in a position to know, expressed their ideas in regard to the effect produced by the use of calisthenics. The subject, which was discussed by the Homosopathio Medical society, is thoroughly familiar to them, and their opinions varied to a considerable degree. The men who gave their ideas so freely included several members of the board of education and Drs. Korndoerfer, Mohr, Van Baun and

Superintendent MacAlister said: "Judicious exercise is essential to everybody. The lady who teaches calisthenics in the Girls' Normal school understands her business. There may be some pupils to whom the use of these exercises is injurious, and in that case the fault lies with the parents. Calisthenics as practiced at the Normal school are not ent, and are not injurious as far as I THE DOCTORS ARE GRANNIES.

A. S. Jenks, of the Normal school committee: "The dectors who made such a statement are old grannies. After a child has been sitting in a school room for five hours a little exercise is needed. Calisthenics have been practiced in the Normal school for fifteen years that I know of, and I never heard of a single case of sickness or bad health resulting. The weights used are light ones, and would not harm an infant. They are a great benefit and should be used more extensively than they are. The chest is expanded and the muscles given full play. I'll wager that none of the physi-

cians ever saw the pupils at exercise. Dr. Mohr: "I have been misunderstood on this question. I never intended to say that calisthenics were generally inju-rious. With some scholars they are, but with the majority the pupil's health is benefited. They are not nearly so hurt-ful as the long sessions which a scholar is obliged to sit out and not get their regular midday meal."

Dr. Korndoerfer: "I do not wish it to be understood that I am finding fault with the board of education. I am not. I only desire to point out an error and show how it can be remedied. The present system of calisthenics is a bad one. They should use Lowis' system. At present the exercise is entirely too violent. The arms are thrown out and upwards with great force. Why, it's enough to tear the child's chest to pieces. Then, again, the children are told to bend their bodies backward. They do so, and, as a result, the child comes home and com-plains of a sore back. I advocate the use of light weights, slow movements, increasing in motion only as the muscles and joints become accustomed to the rapid movement. The practice should be repeated daily, and not left for a week at a time, as it is now." THE METHOD NOT PROPERLY APPLIED.

Dr Van Baun: "I indorse calisthenics when they are properly applied to the individual pupil. I consider the method at the Girls' Normal school open to criticism. The suits cause the removal of the ordinary skirts and are much shorter and of lighter material. The selection and length of time devoted to the exercise is often injudicious, frequently caus-ing fatigue. I know that Class C, No. 8, is exercised every other Friday for two consecutive hours, while a number of B classes had an hour daily for two weeks. An ordinary pupil cannot stand such

Dr. Betts: "I consider the requirements of the Girls' Normal school, together with the long hours, as too great a strain on the health of many of the pupils. I have frequently noticed that girls began their work in the fall with ruddy faces and all the evidences of good health, and by the following June they looked wan and tired and com-plained of poor health."

Simon Gratz: "The doctors who object to calisthenics in the Normal school don't know what they are talking about. The weights are of light wood and the motion is not violent or jerky. The dresses are of heavy woolen material and are much warmer than their ordinary street dresses. have never known of a girl complaining since the method has been in use, We use Dio Lewis' system and that prove that the physicians don't know what they are talking about. The scholars like it and the School of Practice scholars, little

6-year-old tots, are especially delighted." A girl in Class B: "It's absurd to say that the exercises are too violent. The force of the movement is not sufficient to injure a baby. As to the scholars looking wan and tired,' that is rather due to the overcrowded condition of the classes and the lack of proper ventilation, which we often experience. The exercises do not continue for two hours on any occasion, and our teacher is very considerate of our comfort."—Philadelphia Times.

Within the memory of men still living, it was not a difficult task for a lawyer in active practice to familiarize himself with all the leading American decisions. How is it now? Unless his memory is abnormally developed he cannot retain the names of the reports, even, much less their contents. In this multitude of authorities, both luminous and fulicinous no proposition, however absurd, is required to stand with apparent support. The lawyer of the present, instead o basing his judgment upon broad, general principles of right, is apt to spend his time and waste his faculties in delving and searching among the yellow covered literature of a public law library (no one but a millionaire can afford one of his own) for some case similar to the one in hand. He shrinks into a mere "decision index or an echo." He becomes a patient toiler searching for the threads of precedent to twist a rope with which to strangle principle. A writer who took the pains to gather the statistics asserts that from December, 1886, to August, 1887-a period of eight months-the supreme court and the courts of last resort of the various states rendered 8,325 de cisions, in most of which opinions were written.-Forum. The Malice of Criminals.

If all the threats made of contemplated vengeance of convicted criminals were carried out, the mortality among officers of the law would be astounding. No thief ever felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law, so runs the ancient chestnut, and it is equally true that never yet was there a criminal who had philosophy enough to give the officer who sends him up credit for doing his duty. They imagine themselves the victim of a pri vate grievance, and when they are on their way to the penitentiary they hon-estly believe that they intend to get even with the officer at the expiration of their terms. A year or two in the prison has a wonderfully calming effect, and when the prisoner is released he is not inclined to seek readmission to its walls. No little scheme of revenge will tempt him to taking the chances of another term. I do not recall a single case in my police experience where a returned convict has attempted the life of a prosecuting offi-cer.—Police Official in Globe-Democrat,

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